

Imitation Is Sincerest Flattery

MANY CONCERNS TRY TO IMITATE

WHITE ROCK LITHIA WATER

But it is KING of all of them—Over six cars sold in Pensacola this year. More will be sold next year, because the Public asks for WHITE ROCK and will have no other.

LEWIS BEAR CO.

DISTRIBUTERS,
Pensacola, Florida

New City Grocery Co.

Located at the corner of 10th ave.
and 14th streets

This is an up-to-date store, with all modern improvements, and filled with

Staple and Fancy Groceries

of every kind. We most respectfully invite the public generally to call and be convinced if we are right—that we have a stock of the best quality. We would like to mention a few of our prices for the good of all, yet we will await your visit or call over phone 223, three rings. We will soon add to our already large stock a first-class Meat Market. It is now being built with ample space to carry all kinds of Fresh Meats, Fowls, Game, Fish and Oysters. Prompt delivery, with polite, up-to-date clerks and meat cutters. Come and see us or phone for the best and cheapest goods in the city.

New City Grocery Co.

PRYOR BROS., Managers

E. B. ACOSTA & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Prompt delivery to any part of the city.
Office and Yard—22 to 28 N. Tarragona St., Pensacola, Fla. Phone 363.

COAL WOOD AND ICE

YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER

WILL LONG

BE REMEMBERED

if the edibles are furnished by The Popular Grocer. Remember, our stock is absolutely fresh and new, and only the best is offered you. Our watchword is

“PURITY”

A Partial List of the Good Things.

LINE FLOUR, half barrel, very fine	\$3 00
GRANULATED SUGAR, 19 pounds	1 00
HAMS, Dove Brand, sweet and tender, per pound	15
PURE LARD, in bulk, per pound	10
COFFEE, Cafe de Monde, standard here 15 years.	25
Corned Beef, pound cans	40
Two-pound Cans	75
Three-pound Cans	1.00
This is of unusual excellence.	
CURRENTS and DATES, very fine, per pound	10
RAISINS, packages	12 1/2
RAISINS, selected bunches, per pound	15
LEMON and ORANGE PEEL, pound	20
CITRON, extra fine quality	20
PECANS, Florida	25, 20, 15 and 10
FINE ORANGES, dozen	35 and 25
BANANAS, choice ones, per dozen	10
GRAPE FRUIT, large	10 and 15
OLIVES, Mammoth Guava, per quart	50
OLIVES, special, per gallon	1.50
OLIVES, in bottles, stuffed and plain	10c to 2 00
SYRUP, Golden Drip, per gallon	50
JELLIES, glasses and tins	10 to 25
CELESTY, big bunch	10
LETTUCE, home grown, also fine Cauliflower and Egg Plants, fresh and crisp.	
CANDIES—We're especially strong in this line—	
Bishop's California Rubbed Candies, in half and pound glove and handkerchief boxes	75
Gibson's Fruit Tablets, per pound	30
Sunshine Cuts, jar	10
Peter's Chocolate, in flat packages	5, 10, 15 and 25
MINCE MEATS—Atmore's Plum Pudding, 10 to 50 cents; and Mince Meat 10 cents package to 45 cents bucket.	

THE QUALITY
GROCER.

LAZ JACOBY

THE POPULAR
GROCER.

14 WEST GARDEN STREET. PHONE No. 183.

QUAINT TYROLEANS.

A PEOPLE WHOSE MOTTO SEEMS TO BE "WHAT'S THE ODDS?"

They Are Jolly and Light Hearted, With a Lurking Love For a Scrimmage—Their Costume and National Dance Are Both Picturesque.

The motto of the Tyrolean people seems to be "What's the odds?" They are as light hearted a race of men as may be imagined, and, because their lightness is from the heart, it wears well. The Tyrolean is not the brightest man in the world, but he is a real man and he is a good fellow. He is a bunch of hearty instincts and amiable weaknesses, but in the center of the bunch, like a rod of iron in a bundle of fagots, are his personal courage and his dour independence. His instincts are right, and so he does not think very much; he does not need to. When in doubt he yodels. That is the only quarrel the world has with him.

Otherwise, as it has been held, one could no more quarrel with the Tyrolean than with the mountain goat. There is something goatlike in his temperament, although not in his disposition. The Tyrolean admits the likeness when he wears a goat tail in the brim of his hat. Even the yodel break in his voice is like the tremulous bleat of the billygoat. And, like the latter, as his enemies declare, he leaps from jag to jag.

There is a legend that the Tyrolean drinks more than is good for him. A Viennese told me that "fruchtwein"—that is, hard cider and kindred unchartered beverages—was playing the mischief with the mountain people. In the music halls of Bavaria and Saxony I have seen him caricatured with a red nose and a gait that wobbled worse than his voice. But I have seen nothing in this land to justify the description. It looks like a libel.

The Tyrolean himself looks more like a joke than a crime. He carries an owl's wing or a bunch of turkey feathers in his hat; in place of a belt he wears a sash; his stockings begin above his ankles and end before they reach his knees, and his breeches, which are too short to cover his knees, have been well and succinctly described as breeches of etiquette. He is from six to seven feet high, and, added to that, he is "knee sprung." It comes, so an Austrian officer told me, from descending the hills too rapidly.

I asked him what sort of a soldier the Tyrolean made. "He makes a pretty bad one, for that reason," he said. "He marches to get over the ground rather than to keep step, and, when the regiment lines up on parade, his knees protrude." I suggested that these were disqualifications for a good peace soldier merely, and asked him what sort of a soldier the Tyrolean made in time of war. The officer thought a moment. "Well, he's the best we have," he concluded. "He shoots straight and he fights as if he loved it."

That remark sums up more than a little Austrian history. For centuries the Tyrolean has guarded the western gates of the Hapsburg empire against Italians and French and Bavarians and Saxons, and he has let nothing get past him. The insurrection of the Tyrolean peasants, with an innkeeper as their leader, against the rule of Napoleon I, is about the brightest spot in all the struggle of Europe against the Corsican. The innkeeper and his waiters, as history records, met the French veterans in battle on a bridge and threw them into the river. The enemy got "their warmest welcome at an inn," as the Tyrolean leader is reported to have remarked afterward. On even terms the French troops were never able to stand before the embattled innkeepers of the Tyrol. Then, as now, their charges were something terrible.

There were Bavarians with the French, and that was one reason, it is said, why the Tyroleans used them so roughly. The Bavarians are their kinsmen, they have been at odds for generations, and the Tyroleans are gradually getting all their mountain passes named after Bavarian and Saxon armies which they have trapped and captured there. They handled their German cousins with the enthusiasm with which a man drubs a poor relation.

The Tyrolean is jolly and light hearted, but he has a lurking love for a scrimmage, and he has never got into his thick head that it is logical to be ruled by any people without his consent. So throughout their history these brave peasants have always been streaming from the hills like a mountain torrent and flying at the throats of the enemies of Austria.

A thousand years hence the Tyrolean

will probably be just about as he is now, a good farmer, an unrivaled shot and a pious and jolly citizen. The singing will be as bad and the dancing as good as ever, and, while nobody interferes, the mountain country will let the world wag on. But whenever any of his rights are threatened the bow-legged Tyrolean will set up a sterner jig. The Tyrolean lass is the veritable "merry mountain maid" of the old song. By rights she should be homely. Honest hearts and homely faces are the valued heritage of all mountain peoples. But somehow the women of the Tyrol miss half of their inheritance.

They often possess a rustic beauty which comes with a shock of surprise to any one who has seen the bands of so called Tyrolean singers that appear in the music halls of Gotham. The genuine native of these hills seldom travels farther than into the next valley, and it is much to be suspected that the men and women who wear his clothes and sing his songs abroad are members of the widely traveled race of the Tedeschi.

Climbing mountains, or, rather, going down on the other side, has played havoc with the gait of the men of the Tyrol. It seems to have helped the bearing of their women folk. A certain ease and lightness of carriage distinguish them. They are sure of foot and graceful in their walk and—which follows—trim in their persons.

Then they have noticeably small feet and neat ankles, a distinction which no other peasant people of Europe—and the Tyrol may almost be called a nation of peasants—shares with them. These qualities make the "schuhplattler" dance, which they are very fond of and which is indeed the national dance, as pretty a spectacle as one would wish to see.

In these valleys it is performed by a young man and a young woman. The only thing she does is to spin about in a sort of demure rotation. The young man does several things. He yelps at intervals, he slaps his thighs with his hands, he thumps the floor with his feet, he prowls in a half crouching attitude on either side of his partner, who gracefully recedes before him, and now and then he catches her about the waist and whirls her around for a few moments. Then he releases her, and she rotates as before.

He contributes the fire and the earthquake, but somehow they are as naught compared with the still, small patter of her slippers. It is hard to define in what the charm of it all lies. It is natural, it is graceful, it is spirited, but modest, and it seems to become this mountain air. If one is minded of the caperings of a well behaved goat when he follows the movements of the young man, when he follows the movements of the young woman he is minded of the friskings of an innocent kid.—Cor. New York Mail.

REMOVAL NOTICE

JEWELRY STORE—On and after January 1 my jewelry store will be located at 112 South Palafox at the place formerly occupied by Bass & Co. E. M. Andersen. 17dec2w

CHRISTMAS TURKEYS

5,000 PRIZES TENNESSEE TURKEYS JUST RECEIVED 17 1/2 to 20c LB. GEO. W. PRYOR & SON, 10th AVE. AND 14th STREET OR 133 GOVERNMENT ST. PHONE US YOUR ORDER.

Fine Fruit Cake

And Delicious

POUND CAKE

At 25 Cents per lb.

Cheaper than you can make it, and by far better.

Order now for your CHRISTMAS DINNER

If experience counts for anything, we know how to make good cakes.

W. Florida Steam Bakery

IN PRISON FOR DEBT

THE WAY THE LAW IS MADE TO FIT THE CASE IN ENGLAND.

How a Person Who Either Cannot or Will Not Pay What He Owes May Be Thrust Into Jail Over and Over Again For "Contempt of Court."

It is commonly supposed that in these days there is no imprisonment for debt in England, but the supposition is wrong, both in substance and in fact.

True, the term "imprisonment for debt" is done away with, perhaps because the debtor does not pay his debt by going to prison, yet to prison he goes for it all the same, although in the eyes and in the phraseology of the law he goes there for "contempt of court," whereas in 90 per cent of such cases the poor defaulter suffers his seven, fourteen or twenty-eight days "close confinement" solely because of his inability to pay the monthly sum ordered by the judge or the magistrate.

Nor, as already said, does the incarceration pay what is owing. For if the creditor chooses to do so he can have the debtor committed again immediately after one term has been served and so on as long as the debtor lives, because the judgment goes on forever unless the amount of it be paid.

But a second commitment on the same judgment is very rare. At the jail in a certain eastern county, where the writer of this article spent fourteen days, he was not received quite as a felon would be, but decidedly not as a nonlawbreaker should be received and treated.

The time of arrival was 2 p. m. He had no dinner, so after his pockets had been emptied and the articles tabulated he was given six ounces of brown bread and four ounces of "Harriet Lane"—i. e., tinned Australian mutton.

He was then put into a "receiving cell," eight feet by four feet six inches, with a concrete floor six feet below the level of the earth and decidedly damp, as was proved by the wet salt kept there for the prisoner's use.

Two hours later he was removed to another receiving cell, this time with a wooden floor, twelve feet long and six feet wide. At 6 o'clock there came his supper, a pint of weak oatmeal gruel and eight ounces of the ubiquitous brown bread—the staple article of diet and the best.

His bed was a two inch thick mattress of cocoanut fiber laid on three boards supported on crosspieces about three inches from the floor.

The bedclothes were ample, but the pillow and bed boards were of a decidedly hard nature.

At a quarter to 8 a loud bell rang to go to bed, and at 8 o'clock the gas (in a small hole in the wall and shut out of the cell by a piece of thick corrugated glass) was turned out. All debtors get this treatment.

On the following morning at 7:30 there came breakfast—a pint of weak tea and eight ounces of the brown bread. Then the doctor called.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, thank you." And the door banged like a clap of thunder. Then came the chaplain, a clergyman from outside, rather old, much crabbled and certainly unfit for his post. He snarled like a terrier with toothache, yet there was a growl in his snap. "Umph! What are you here for?"

"Debt."

"Debt! Umph! Why don't you be honest and pay your debts?" And the door banged louder than before. Finally came the governor on his daily round of inspection.

A day's routine was simply this: Up at the ring of a bell at 5:45, dress in the dark; then came lights, beds and bedding were put away, cells and corridor swept and dusted and cell utensils cleaned; at 7:30 breakfast, each prisoner being then locked in his cell till 8:30, at which time all were mustered and marched to chapel.

Then from chapel to cells again, to be locked in until the governor made his smart pace round of inspection, saying as he sped past each cell door, "Any complaints?" but one had to be there a week before the two words became clear enough to be understood.

When he had gone all the debtors were put into a room to pick cocoanut fiber. Then came an hour's exercise in a large yard, after that dinner and another locking in till 1:20 p. m., followed by another hour's exercise and more fiber picking up to 5:30. At 5:35 there was tea, when each man was again locked in till 6 o'clock next morning.

AN INSURANCE COMPANY THAT ESCAPED.

Read what the New York Herald says of the investigation of the Home Life Insurance Company. The Herald of Dec. 10, said:

Mr. Hughes practically finished his inquiry into the affairs of the Home Life Insurance Company, of this city without having found anything scandalous in connection with its affairs. So much could hardly have been said of any other company that has yet come under his scrutiny. His inquiry was no less searching than heretofore, but the officers of this company apparently survived it unscathed.

George E. Ide, president of the company, testified that his company deals with no particular brokerage house, has joint accounts with no banker or broker, has no investment exceeding \$10,000 in any trust company or bank and that neither his company nor any of its officers has ever taken part in syndicate participations.

During nearly twenty years the company's surplus has not been largely increased. The witness explained this by the statement that he thought the surplus reserve sufficiently large in proportion to the company's assets and believed the policy holders should share in any excess. The excess in the company's earnings from year to year had, therefore, been credited regularly in the shape of dividends to the policy holders.

Mr. Ide said he knew of no other New York company which makes an annual accounting on deferred dividends, such as the Home Life has maintained for twenty years.

This company is represented in Pensacola by

Geo. P. Wentworth,
General Agent,

Wm. C. Hooton, Asst. Gen. Agt.,
Fisher Building, 204 1-2 S. Palafox Street.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
CLOCKS, PRECIOUS STONES, BRONZES,
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ART POTTERY, OPTICAL GOODS,
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BUILDERS OF MEN'S FINE CLOTHES.

Elegant line of imported and Domestic Suits now on hand. Best equipped Dyeing, Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing Establishment in West Florida for Men's and Women's Clothes. Join our Gentlemen's Suit Club. Dues only \$1.00 per month for pressing.

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